Mount: I would thou wert so happie by thy stay
To heare true shrift. Come Madame lets away.
Benuo: Good morrow Cosen.
Romeo: Is the day so young?
Ben: But new stroke nine.
Romeo: Ay me, sad hopes seeme long.
Was that my Father that went hence so fast?
Ben: It was, what sorrow lengthens *Romeos* houres?
Rom: Not having that, which having makes them short.
Ben: In loue.
Ro: Out.
Ben: Of loue.
Ro: Out of her fauor where I am in loue.
Ben: Alas that loue so gentle in her view,
Should be so tyrranous and rough in proose.
Ro: Alas that loue whose view is muffled still,
Should without lawes giue path-waies to our will:
Where shall we dine? Gods me, what fray was here?
Yet tell me not for I haue heard it all,
Heres much to doe with hate, but more with loue.
Why then, O brawling loue, O louing hate,
O anie thing, of nothing first create!
O heauie lightnes serious vanitie!
Mishapen *Caos* of best seeming thinges,
Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sicke health,
Still waking sleepe, that is not what it is:
This loue feele I, which feele no loue in this.
Doest thou not laugh?
Ben: No Cose I rather weepe.
Rom: Good hart at what?
Ben: At thy good hearts oppression.
Ro: Why such is loues transgression,

Griefes

Griefes of mine owne lie heauie at my hart,
Which thou wouldst propagate to haue them prest
With more of thine, this griefe that thou hast showne,
Doth ad more griefe to too much of mine owne:
Loue is a smoke raisde with the fume of sighes
Being purgde, a fire sparkling in louers eyes:
Being vext, a sea raging with a louers teares.
What is it else? A madnes most discreet,
A choking gall, and a preseruing sweet. Farewell Cose.
Ben: Nay Ile goe along.
And if you hinder me you doo me wrong.
Ro: Tut I haue lost my selfe I am not here,
This is not *Romeo*, hee's some other where.
Ben: Tell me in sadnes whome she is you loue?
Ro: What shall I grone and tell thee?
Ben: Why no, but sadly tell me who.
Ro: Bid a sickman in sadnes make his will.
Ah word ill vrgde to one that is so ill.
In sadnes Cosen I doo loue a woman.
Ben: I aimde so right, when as you said you lou'd.
Ro: A right good mark-man, and shee's faire I loue.
Ben: A right faire marke faire Cose is soonest hit.
Ro: But in that hit you misse, shee'le not be hit
With *Cupids* arrow, she hath *Dianaes* wit,
And in strong proose of chastitie well arm'd:
Gainst *Cupids* childish bow she liues vnharm'd,
Shee'le not abide the siedge of louing tearmes,
Nor ope her lap to Saint seducing gold,
Ah she is rich in beautie, only poore,
That when she dies with beautie dies her store. *Exeu.*

Enter Countie Paris, *old* Capulet.

Of honorable reckoning are they both,

And